CARMINA FVNEBRIA,

IN OBITVM

CLARISSIMI VIRI GEORGII
de SANCTO PAVLO Equitis Aurati
C.G.C. Oxon. olim Convictoris &
eiusdem Benefactoris munifici.

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MARTIAL.
Qui fles talia, nil fleas.

Oxoniæ excudebat Iosephus Barnesius,
An. Dom. 1614.

UMI

IN OBITVM CLARISSIMI VIRI GEORGII de SANCTO PAVLO Equitis Aurati C.C.C.Oxon. olim Conuictoris & eiusdem Benefactoris munifici.

CLarior vt fias, aut noſtro notior orbi,
Exili noſtro carmine nil opus eſt.
Doctrina, ingenium, pia munificentia, virtus,
Relligio, plus te, quàm metra noſtra canent.
Te, quos foviſti, Iuvenéſq; Senéſq; loquuntur,
Et quos munificè perpetuóq; foves.
Te, quam fundâſti, *Schola* publica; quod poſuiſti
Hoſpitium infirmis, pauperibúſq; canet.
Turbaq; *Foxiadum*, niſi ſaxo durior omni,
Virtutéſq; tuas & benefacta canet.
Ghartaq; noſtra (nigris quanquam vitiata lituris)
Te dabit æternùm vivere, ſéq; mori.
Intereà dum alij celebrent tua funera mœſti,
Quæ dolor expreſſit carmina verus habe.

PETRVS HOOKER, *S.Theol.Bacc. C.C.C. Socius.*

SI gemitus poterant depingi carmine, buſtum
Tuum gravarent carmina:
Sed quoniam nequeunt, felices dicimus illos,
Qui lacrymis vrnam lavant;
Quorum, non artis, naturæ carmina, planctus
Comites tui ſunt funeris.
Flete igitur! lacrymis delentor carmina! ſummus
Cum hoc mortuo eſt honor mori.

Quòd tibi viua fides, bona quòd diſpertis egenis,
Hæredem fecit te Deus, ipſe Deum.

RICHARDVS SPENCER *Baronis F. Art. Bacc. è C.C.C.*

Ad Pontificios, qui fidem Proteſtantium, id eſt, verè *Paulinam (quâ ſolâ quæſivit, quam adeptus eſt, ſalutem, vir Nobiliſſimus in Domino defunctus) inanem nec hominibus ſalvandis idoneam calumniantur.*

QUæ *Sancto Paulo* fuit Anchora ſola ſalutis,
Non ea ſola, *Fides*, viua ſeraxque fuit.
Facta, probâre *fidem*, non ipſa probanda, fuiſſet
Quæ *vobis* peperit, nî *tibi* viua fides.
Sit niſi viua fides, per quam quis viuere ſperet,
Grandia, multa licèt, mortua facta parit.
Hinc, tua, queis nimiùm fidis, *radice* carebunt
Facta, *Suita*, fides dùm tua *fronde* caret.
Dúmque fidem nunquam ſeruâſti, iure negabis
Servari ſolâ te potuiſſe fide.

T.I. S.T.B.

AGri credo tui gremio, *Lincolnia*, mundi
Principio, *Herôum* ſemina ſparſa virûm.
Par ſanctum *Heroum* [a] nobis produxit agellus
Ille tuus: miſſos vt faciam [b] reliquos;
FOXVS Nos genuit, genitos SANCTPAVLVS adoptat,
Almus vterque pater, natus vterque tuus.
Eſto, tuis terris *titulum*, SANCTPAVLE, reſignes,
Iam [c] meliore ſolo, jus titulúmque tenes.
Nil te vota iuvent, tu jam ſine thure beatus;
Fortè THORI SOCIAM publica vota iuvent.
Sit dilecta Deo nuper dilecta marito,
Illa beata viro ſic erit, orba viro.

I. H. S.T.B.

[a] C.C.C. alumnis.
[b] Wainflet Col. Magdal. fund. Rhotheram Fléming Col. Linc. Fund. &c.
[c] De quo Pſalites Pſ. 6. ſors mihi cecidit in amœnis.

To the Honourable and virtuous Lady,
the Lady SAINCTPAVL.

SInce now His quiet ſoule departed hence
Inioyes the pleaſure of eternall reſt,
who with our choiceſt offrings ſhould be bleſt,
More then your worthy ſelfe? who in all ſenſe
Are our chiefe Pallas, and our Arts defence.
And though our teares can never re-inveſt
His body with his ſoule: yet our true loue
And bounden dutie to you nere ſhall want,
Which time ſhall not deſtroy, nor daunger daunt.
Thus doe we write as our affections moue;
Only thus much intreating ſtill to be
Your ſelfe ſo kind to vs, as once was He.

Nemo tibi tumulum condat, nec marmora ponat,
Cur? pietas tumulum, quam colis, ipſa dabit.

Busta ferent Musæ, Charitesq; insignia, virtus
Nomen, pax tœdas, gloria marmor erit.
Dumq; piæ Musæ, Charites, pax, gloria, virtus
Te lugent: lacrymas do (doleóq;) meas.

I. Hampton *Art. Mag.*

SAnctis, & iustis cùm sit sua debita sedes
Cœlum, iure tuo cœlica regna petas.
Iure petis; meritò sed te lugemus ademptum,
In nos cùm fuerit tam tua larga manus.
At quod tu vivens, cessas nec mortuus esse,
Vita benigna fuit, mors quoque munifica.

I. Aisgill, A. Mag.

TEmpora quòd non Ille suis virtutibus æqua
Sortitur, stolide indignaris?
Virtus et pietas longâ dignissima vitâ,
Iam nunc æternâ potiuntur.

M. C. A. M.

NVnquàm sęvarũ profusior ira *sororum*: (*mœnis*
Nunquàm, seu *doctos* spectes, decus omne *Ca-*
Seu, *magnos*, dextris qui vel *fecêre* benignis
Vel *pensâre* suis doctos, mortalior ætas!
Dic mihi Parca *virum* (titulis nil amplius addam:
Esse *virum* satis est augusti nominis) in quem
Non *citò* desævis? lacrymarum testor abundè
Fusarum *sobolem*: nec adhuc ostendere possunt
Stillarum steriles oculósve genásve *Camœnæ*.
Ecce novos poscit threnos Vir *sanctus* vtroq;

No-

Nomine; nec titulis meritum disconvenit illis,
Sive *lares* * *teneris* Musis memoremus, * *Egenis*
Sivè datos, * *nostros* seu magnis dotibus auctos.
Mens audit patriæ: nemo servantior æqui:
A quo *iustitiam* vellet modò discere Parca,
Non ita iniqua foret, nec iustus mortuus esset.
Vivere namq; diu meruit, ne patria recti
Amittat penitùs normam, *Custode* remoto,
Atq; suo desit populo *liber*, illius acta
Tam benè, *vita* viri; cui non *formarier*, esset
Quæ gravior sanctis in moribus *hæresis* vlla?
Esse bonum *exemplo* non iam licet ampliùs, hoc est
Quod frustrà toties *nimiùm cita* fata vocamus:
Detur at in prædam *virtus*, iraſnè merentur,
Parca, tuas paritèr dulces *Heliconis* Alumnæ?
Quid *Musæ faciles* in te committere tantum,
Quid *doctæ* potuêre? vt sic *furibunda* patronos
Abriperes, queat vt, *Mecænas*, omen haberi
Præproperi fati posthàc, & terreat omnes
Ne sint propitii nostris Mors invida Musis?
Quid? num Musarum *Satyras* vlciſceris, *vrnis*
Appositas crebris hominum, quêis facta merentur
Fusos *æternùm* volvi; tamen improba scindis?
Hæc *tua* culpa: pios & *sic* decet esse poetas.
Sive furis, quoniam non est mortale, quod audent
Eximiis meritis *iusti* promittere vates,
Musarum *mystæ*. Iuris nempè omnia credis.
Esse tui: multum sed falleris! Inclyta virtus
Nesciet exiguis *vrnis*, *vlnisvè* teneri
Quattuor aut septem *terræ*, frustráq; putasti

* Scholam.
* Xenodochium.
* C.C.C.

In-

Insignes vel morte *mori* potuisse; *sepultos*
Aut iacuisse viros famâ super æthera notos.
Omne tuum *corpus*; premis hoc, hoc carcere claudis
Vermibus hoc præbes, & in hoc tua sola tyrannis.
Ast *tumuli* leges transcendunt, gloria, virtus:
Et quicquid *sancti* SANCTPAVLI fama fuisse
Testatur, meritis referendis *parcior* æquo.

Siccinè? Musa genas sicca, siccáq; papyrum,
Nam non is *totus*, qui periit, *periit*.

A. WHITE. *A.M.*

NEver was vertues power wel vnderstood,
But by an agonie 'twixt bad, and good:
Who's good but onely of necessitie,
We neede not thanke the man, but destinie.
Those we adore, who having equal choyce
In vice, and virtue, giue to her their voyce.
Mongst those, renowned SAINTPAVLE, *we commend*
Thy selfe as cheefe, who nobly couldst intend,
(In midst of riot of our looser times,
When fortune serues as pandar to mens crimes)
To practise goodnesse; nor coulde customes force,
Sinnes greatest patron, cause thee to divorce
Thy selfe from vertue, or thy loue from those,
To whome th'hadst vowed thy bounty to dispose.
So that when death made thee turne prodigall
Of land, house, money, and to part with all;

Such

Such was thy constant loue vnto the Muses,
Th' impart'dst to them thy wealth in pious vses.
May thy example others patterne be
Of bownty, specially when they shall see,
That, whereas most mens honour's wont to die
Before, or with themselues, the memorie
Of thy greate name, and merits shall survive,
T'outlast their fame, who are not yet alive.

I.S. *A.B.*

Epitaphium.

AGnoscas hospes **Procerem*: qui nunc licet erret, * Iuv. Sat. 8
Vivis exemptus, mortuus esse nequit.
Quem pueri celebrant, celebris quibus est *Scho-*
Apriciq; senes queis dedit *Hospitium.* (*la* structa;
Quē CORPVS-CHRISTI (titulo res digna sepulchri est)
Magnum patronum prædicat esse suum.
Cretata ambitio quem nunquam duxit hiantem,
Invidiæ ipse capax, odit at invidiam.
Sed laudes ejus furari carmine presso
Præstat, quàm furem temporis esse tui.

M. IERMIN. *Art. B.*

VIR *summis meritis* moritur. Tu, *Flacce*, negasti
Cum velles *Musas* posse *vetare mori.*
Si possent vellent; si quid sua carmina possent,
Aut si quid possent vota: sed ista nihil.
Ergo quid prosunt *Musæ*! quid fingis, *Horati*,
Musarum imperium! quid *vetuisse mori*!

Arguit hic tumulus falſi; quis *dignior* illo
Qui jacet hic? tamen hîc nemo iacere vetat.
Hoc præſtant Muſæ, vt *virtus* poſt fata ſuperſtes
Dignorum maneat: ſiccinè *Muſa vetat*?
Hem ſapis! Æternâ *dignis* dat vivere laude,
Atq; *mori* famam provida *Muſa vetat*.

Me thinks, as in a temple faire, in Thee,
Rich Honour *married zealous* Pietie.
Which ioyn'd, at length did thinke vpon ſome birth,
Wherewith to glad and beautifie the earth.
Faire Pietie's *was a religious* will,
To it the other gaue power *to fulfill.*
And ſee! a gratious ſeed did they not raiſe?
Virtue *their offſpring was, and its was* praiſe.

T. ANDREWES *in Art. Bac.*

Ad mortem.

SIccinè *Magnatum* proſcindis ſtamina? noſtros
Siccinè in Heroas *Semideoſq;* furis?
Improba, contemptum feriant tua ſpicula vulg⁹;
Plebeium, ſi vis perdere, perde gregem.
At tibi non curæ eſt populus! neq; deſinis vſq;
Dùm tua ſit *Procerum* ſanguine cruda manus!
Tarquiniq; inſtar, qui *ſumma papauera* carpſit,
Percutis excelſos invidioſa viros.
Quàm ſunt nobilibus fœcunda hæc tempora buſtis!
Eſſe tamen gaudent fertiliora novis.

O

O vtinam hic aliquis vili de plebe fuiſſet!
Vitam ſic potuit perpetuaſſe ſuam.
Grandibus huic nocuit titulis ſuffulta propago;
Arq; ideò cecidit, quòd generoſus erat.

Epig. in variam ſui nominis Etymolog.

Eſſe quid hoc dicam? coaleſcunt infima ſummis!
Nominibus coeunt * TERRA-POLVS q; tuis! * Georgius à Sancto Polo.
Paſſus es in *Terris* iſtâ mercede labores,
Scilicet vt *Sancto* pòſt potiare *Polo*.

Inter limoſas hominum * *Patriæq;* Paludes, * Lincolniæ.
* SANCTA Tuo merito diceris Ipſe PALVS. * G. de Sancta Palude.
Hæc in *Torrentem* cùm jam creviſſet, ad altum
Vt *Via* Te duxit *Lactea*, Sancte, Polum.

Nomine conveniunt, & re, * SANCTPAVLVS vterq; * G. de Sancto Paulo.
Ille fuit *Paſtor*, Paſtor & iſte fuit.
Hôc tantùm SANCTI diſtant diſcrimine PAVLI,
ILLE viros linguâ pavit, at ISTE manu.

H. S.

De eo quòd in feſto quodam nuptiali ad mortem ægrotare cœperit.

O nimiùm placidis *Hymenæe* infeſte Camœnis!
Fax facibus veſtris noſtra quid vſta jacet?
Ecce novũ THAMESI conaris jungere RHENVM,
Dum facis, vt lacrymis his tua Menſa fluat!

Olim Risus, Amor, Veneres, Lascivia, festis,
Et sine felle Sales, accubuêre tuis.
Ast nunc (portentū!) novus hospes vestra frequentat
Intempestivè fercula dira Dolor.
An veluti *curæ* semper leviora *loquentur*
Gaudia, nec fugiet *grandia* quæq; *stupor*?
Ergo lætitiæ modulum Hic dùm non tenet hospes,
Vt sua testetur gaudia vera, stupet.
Ille etiam verè gaudet, qui, teste remoto,
Transgreditur fines exhilarando suos.
Et sua ne testis recitaret gaudia, SANCTPAVL,
Humanas fugit, Mens generosa, domos.

Heu dolor! hoc etiam *Paris* licuisse superbis,
Quis æquiore pectoris sensu ferat?
Maximus ecce jacet nostri defensor honoris!
Nos Ille semper excolebat vnicè.
Magnarum contemptor opum, pietatis imago,
Rarissima almæ fama temperantiæ.
Quanto nostra salus orbata est Præside! quanto
Orbata Patre vera virtus exulat!
Vos tandem mœstæ date lilia pulchra *Sorores*,
Cumulemus vt sepulchra floribus novis.
His saltem illustrem decoremus honoribus Vmbram,
Fungamur hoc, quamvis inani, munere.
Nam nihil immiti prosunt in morte querelæ,
Nullis, superba, precibus vnquam flectitur.
Quod licet, ac reliquū est, *Charites Musæq;* Sepulchrū
Ornent coronis perpetuò virentibus.
Vt dùm vere novo repetitus floreat orbis,
Huic glorioſa laude fama floreat.

I. H.

QViq; dies nova fata trahunt? & quæq; doloris
Cauſa quod aſſiduis luctibus addat habet?
Parcite dii noſtros lacrymarum flumine vultus
Obruere, atq; aliud mittere Diluvium!
En quantos gemitûs! hinc indigus, orphanus inde,
Muſarumq; cohors ſolvitur in lacrymas!
Subſidium pauper, Patrem pupillus ademptum
Deflet, Patronum *Pieridesq;* ſuum.
Nos damnum commune premit, jungamus in vnum
Planctûs, vt fiant pro tumulo lacrymæ.
Vnus erat nobis velut omnes, millia in vno
Splendida, mille viri, vir tamen vnus erat.
Cujus, ne *Charites* tres deſint, munera trinum
Efficiunt numerum, qui modò binus erat.
OLDAMI & FOXI meritis Tua proxima reſtant,
Quæ tria ſunt Divis æquiparanda tribus.
Quæ mortem perimunt, ipſa evertentia buſta,
Nec tacitum tantum Nomen abire ſinunt.
Quot ſibi conjunxit largitio nomina, tot ſunt
Viventes omni tempore Pyramides.

T. GORSTELOW.

PRovidâ funereæ quum det natura ruinæ,
Mortuus vt poſſit vivere prole parens:
Quolibet hic virtute ſuâ conſtantius ævo
Nomen habet; vivus vel ſine prole manet.
In quo naturæ fuerat perfectio tanta,
Vt proli haud poſſet participata dari.
Sic ſibi ſemper honos, tumulo ſic vivit in ipſo,
Sic ſeſe ſervat filius ipſe ſibi.

AMIAS BAMPFILDVS *Equitis Aur. filius.*

CVm *lacrymas* damnet, meritis inducta *stupere*
Musa, quid huius funere, *flemus*?
Cúmq; suos luctus *venales* reddere nolit,
Ne peccet *prelum* ampliùs *audax*:
Hæc pietas *molis* nimiæ est; quia nemo dolorem
Syncerum vult esse *loquacem*.

FINIS.

TO THE MOST VERTVOVS AND

woorthy Lady the Lady *Saint* POOLE.

IF Fate would to our Wiſhes condeſcend,
And Art could them preſerue, who Arts preſerue,
It might haue ſtood with Iuſtice, to extend
Your Phaers daies, who did ſo well deſerue.
But wily Mortaes *arrowes vſe to glide*
So ſecret, that by Art they are not ſpied.

Yet though that rouing Caitife did ſtill aime
At this faire marke with an outragious ſpight;
All Arts concurring with a iuſter claime
His better part haue challeng'd for their right:
And made him out of Aſhes now to ſore
A rarer Phœnix than he was before.

Philoſophy to Him a Body giues,
By Rhetoricke though dead He ſeemes to talke,

By Aſtronomy amids the ſtars He liues,
And Poëts lend him feete on earth to walke.
By Logicke, though before but Diſcurſiue
He now with Angels ſeem's Intuitiue.

And loe, as in a Mirrour, in this booke,
Which heere we ſacre to your glorious Name,
Great Lady of the Muſes, may you looke
Vpon the Picture of your Saint Pooles *Fame,*
And thoſe large gifts which verſe could not incloſe
Behold ſet downe at length, in perfect proſe.

THOMAS HOLT.

A POEM ON THE life and death of the moſt religious and vertuous Knight, Sir *George Saint-Poole*.

IF thus it ſtand a fatall fore-decree,
Recorded in the Rolles of Deſtinie,
That this * Month muſt prooue Climacſtericall
To worthy Perſons, and preſage their fall,
As if, ſince *Henrie* was bereau'd of breath,
The Fates ſtill ſought to expiate His death,
And for that wonder, whom the world held deare,
To ſacrifice a New-one euery yeare:
I blame, nor liſt to enuy Saint-Pooles Fate,
To be an offering for ſo great a ſtate,
But (which ſeem's iuſt to a right-deeming eye)
Hold it a Piacle to refuſe to Die,
Reſoluing that it is a Kingly Grace,
(Euen thus) to come into a Princely Race.
And oh! could He ſurmount or ſoare on hills
Begirt with wings of Poets plumed Quills,
How would I offer vp my ſacred Laies,
To eternize his memory and praiſe.
And midſt his chiefe perfections, with my Pen

Noue-ber.

Stile

Stile him the worth and wonderment of Men!
And yet what Pen his glory can forth-tell,
In which all Tongues eternally may dwell?
Or who hath power to ſhadow, limne or paint
So great, in Life, in Death, in Name, a Saint?
Whoſe glorious actions, and deſerued Fame,
From diſſolution haue redem'd his name.
His Learning ſhall eſcape my hand, his Birth,
Though parallell to Noble Peeres on Earth,
I ouerpaſſe, nor liſt to blanch that worth
And wiſdome, which himſelfe ſo well ſet forth:
Or ſweetly warble out his worthy care
To learning, though in thoſe who ſtrangers are.
Not like gain-greedy Churles, Monopolites,
The City-Vipers, Men of baſer ſpirits,
That ſeeke to Gentilize vnthrifty ſonnes,
Enriching them with proud poſſeſſions.
Where gazing from the Turret of their pride
In great diſdaine the Muſes they deride.
But he, compoſ'd of a farre purer hew
On this all-theater caſt a curious view,
Propoſing to himſelfe a larger ſcope,
Than others grant to their ambitious hope:
Where in defect of one bare Natiue ſonne
Now he adopts him children many a one.
And to ſhew forth, he iſſue did not need,
Hath, *Brutus* like, Whole people for his ſeed.
The Guerdon of whoſe praiſe is more by this:
" *Others haue Heires, but he makes who are his.*
Nor is his Bounty of a lower prize,
Deſeruing pens it to immortalize,

Since

Since in remembra[illegible] of that worthy knowledge
Which once he ſuck'd frõ the Trilinguian college,
He hath prou'd ſo munificent in purſe,
That he may ſeeme to be his mothers nurſe,
And her now aged carefully to nouriſh,
Vnder whoſe conduct he being yong did flouriſh.
Not much vnlike the ſiluer ſources, which
Doe boundles *Amphitrites* cells enrich,
Paying that Tribute, which they ſeeme to owe,
In *Thetis* Lap, whence at the firſt they flowe:
Right ſo doth this our Saint and ſacred *Poole*,
The Muſes thirſty ſprings refreſh and coole,
And into that Caſtalian fountaine runne.
Whence firſt to him the Muſes *Nectar* ſpun.
Let not *Iberus* boaſt of *Tagus* gould,
Of *Hermus* or *Pactolus* precious mould,
But loe, a richer Poole obſerue and know,
Which doth with ſiluer ſources ouerflow.
So that we need not cut the Lybian ſand
For Gold, which we haue now more nere at hand.
Eu'n at the hands of this thrice glorious Soule,
Who now doth range within the arched Pole.
Whoſe Deeds were not confin'd within one ſheer,
But ſpred through Territories farre and neere,
Where whoſo iourneys may behold a ſchoole
Watered with ſtreames of ſiluer from this *Poole*.
Nor farre remote, a famous hoſpitall,
Relying on his conducts Pedeſtall.
In whoſe renowne my Muſe this tune ſhal warble,
"*Others in Ice, he writ his deeds in Marble.*
In this rich Garland let me yet inſert

A rarer flower, his due by t[illegible] deſert,
And adde one fether more vnto his fame,
To ſwift her flight, and helpe inlarge his Name.
Since, leſt the endles ſcandall of our times,
Simony, the moſt ſupreame and chiefe of Crimes,
The Clergy-mens reproch and Churches ſhame,
Should any longer Church or men defame,
He hath by Mony and by liuings ſought,
That Liuings be no more by Mony bought.
And were it not I feare too farre to lanch
In a vaſt deepe, how iuſtly might I blanch
His iuſtice, or elſe blazon forth that Loue,
Which all his actions did atteſt and proue,
And ſtory out his Hoſpitality
Free from wealth's bane, fell Prodigality.
Sage Grauity commixt with geſture milde,
Liu'd Inmates to his Breſt, both reconcilde:
And what good parts were found to ſtreame and (ſwim
Seuer'd in others, flowed mixt in him.
So fraught was he of Vertues and Deſarts.
That few men may corriuall with his parts.
Nor ſhall I wrong the * Cardinall a whit
To place him at this glorious Saint *Pooles* feet,
Or will it ought his ſpotleſſe fame attaint,
To rancke a Cardinall below a Saint.
In whom the Maſter-veine of vertue bled,
Th'Aſtræan Virgin lay for almoſt dead,
Probity laments, Religion at his Death
Seem's to expire, and gaſpe outher laſt breath.
Nor onely Potentates and worthy Peeres
Doe ſolemnize his Funeralls with teares,

*Reginald *Poole* ſometimes fellow of C.C.C.Ox.

But

But eu'n iuſt deal[illegible] and true pi[illegible]
At his enterring ſo[illegible] a ruth[illegible]
[illegible] Muſes change their rob[illegible] weeds
Pſalming ſad Antheames [illegible] worthy deeds,
And clad in ſable hew, w[illegible]ow browes,
Attend his corps addr[illegible] Cypreſſe bowes.
The Saints from Fien[illegible]s which haunt the Stygian
Giue him ſafe cond[illegible]t to the holy land. (ſtrand,
And though (O[illegible] wonder!) in Earth's womb hee
Where oth[illegible]utains ſpring, & *Pooles* ariſe, (dies
Yet * Regi[illegible]d and He, the famous *Pooles*,
Of this [illegible]radiſe mids earthly ſchooles,
Are now [illegible]lated from earths hollow Mine,
To wa[illegible]oue the Chryſtalline.
W[illegible]ules taſt the Ambroſiall Nard,
[illegible] Roſeall Nectar bar'd.
But here, [illegible]igh-tide of his boundles praiſe
Oreflow the banks of theſe my ſhallow laies,
And I am forc'd what paper will not beare,
To draw forth in an Hieroglyphick Teare,
And ſluce thoſe ſtreames, not into pens but eies,
Weeping them out, and writing them in cries.
Yet leſt a ſudden Deluge ouerrune
My Optike Orbs, let all whom he hath wonne
By Loue, or are Partakers of his Goods,
Pay to him ſiluer Teares for Golden Floods.
" *Heere the true eloquy is Rhetorique of eies:*
" *But a maine Solæciſme, to Poëtize.*

THOMAS HOLTE.

FINIS.